



EXILES



ANOTHER ROOSTER in the HENHOUSE

Part 2 of 2

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They are all displaced in time.

WEAPON X

And the
EXILES

All trying to right the wrongs in the timeline that will eventually return each of them to their own lives.

They are cast together here to free a child from bondage.

He lives in a world of crushing persecution. All mutants or manner of superhumans have either been exterminated or imprisoned.

Their jailers and executioners are one and the same.

The
SENTINELS

But when David Richards grows, he will develop power so immense that he will set free the entire planet.



At least, that was what they assumed.

The Tallus "explained" the immensity of the boy's potential, and that he would utterly defeat the Sentinels in time.

Naturally, that would be considered a good thing.



True only in part.

David will free the world.

But a child born into torture and death ...

...a boy who knew nothing but deceit, punishment, and confinement...

...will become a very dangerous man.



He will enslave the planet.

An ironic end to the Sentinels' reign. Humanity, fearing domination by mutant-kind, will eventually create the means and method for that very scenario.

And all the inhabitants of Earth will have merely traded one murderous oppressor for another.



They have been told to kill him.

Before he can become what he will become.



I told you to quit it, you stupid jerk!

Get off! I wasn't doing anything!



Boys! Stop that! We don't have time for this idiocy!

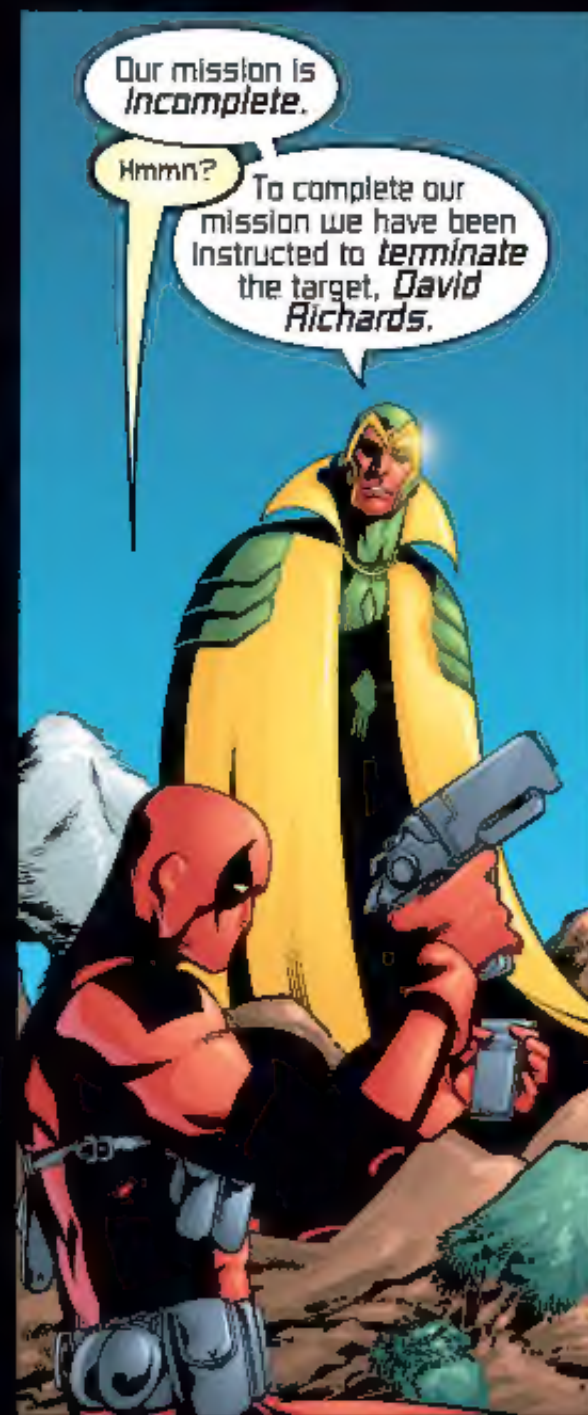




That we have to...



"...kill David Richards."



Our mission is *Incomplete*.

Hmmn?

To complete our mission we have been instructed to *terminate* the target, *David Richards*.



This just got a *whole* lot more complicated, kids.

Why, Mr. Creed?

Cuz Vision *heard* you. Vision hears *everything*. Keep it in mind for next time.



Is this *true*, Victor? We're supposed to *whack the kid*?

Whack the kid? What the *hell* are you talking about?



Hang on, Deadpool. We are *not* flying off into this...

So we *are* supposed to kill him!! Sonofa--you're gonna try and pull one of these tricks *again*?



We are *not* going to murder a little boy.

I can't believe this...

What-- why not? What's the matter with you people?

Seriously. Gang, it's *him* or *us*. We don't hop forward if we don't finish the job.



How much longer did we have to stay on that godforsaken planet because *you* wouldn't let us kill *Gambit*?! Months!

And in the end we had to kill him anyway. Rogue, too!



No! We are *not* going through this again! This ends now!

HEY! Lay off him, you psychopath! You are not--



CRACK!



I'm sorry, Nocturne... but he's right. This *has* to be the way.

You're @#\$% right, I'm right.

No one move. Or it'll be a lot more than the boy who gets it, okay?



Mr. Creed...?



Clarice... this isn't some damn rabbit hunt from home. Okay?



What?







Ease up, Creed! She'll kill herself at this rate!

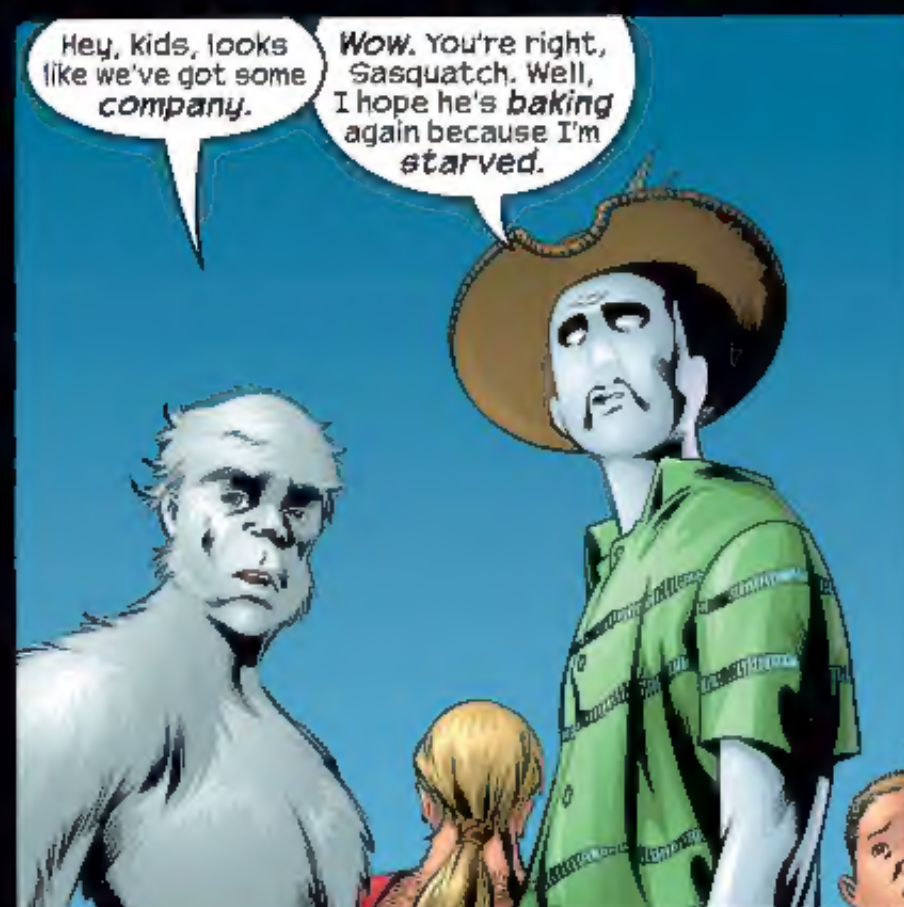
She's not your girlfriend at the moment, Mimic-- she's your team leader.

And she's been through a hell of a lot more than teleporting a busload of people a few times!



"Rabbit hunt?"

It's a code we used back home when they needed me to evacuate everyone. He's one quick old man.



Hey, kids, looks like we've got some company.

Wow. You're right, Sasquatch. Well, I hope he's *baking* again because I'm starved.



The Timebroker. The Exiles' initial guide to their unfortunate existence.

No, no. No goodies for you. You've been *bad*, people. Time for a time out.



Well, well... we seem to have really *stepped* in it now, huh?

You can't expect us to murder a *six-year-old* boy, Timebroker! I don't care *what* happens to us-- we just won't do that.



Well, that's good to hear, because if you don't you are **completely** screwed.

And as far as your eliminating the boy, well, don't worry... you aren't **supposed** to.

You and **Weapon X** were put together on this Earth to fulfill **different** aspects of the mission and thereby repair the timeline.

They possess the **aggression** necessary to complete entirely different tasks than you. They are **neither** good nor bad. They are simply **needed**.



But Mr. Creed isn't **like** them.

Yes, Blink, he *is*. Maybe not so inclined to do as **much** harm as some of the others, but **yes**, he's a really tough monkey. Just ask Deadpool.

But this is **not** the issue. I am here to remind and/or clarify the situation.

If you do not complete the mission-- you do not **move forward**. Not you, not **Weapon X**, **nobody**. You all **stay** here.

But after a period of time, some longer than others, your own reality will **call you back** to the altered existence you were plucked from. You **won't** get your old lives back.



There has to be **some other** way.



Perhaps. But I don't know of any. That is not my purpose. I am a **construct** of your collected consciousness. I don't **think**.

At the moment I merely elucidate on the **thick-headed** crap you are choosing to pull.



Okay, that insulting stuff is probably from **my** head. Sorry.

Can't you help us at **all**?

No Except
to say that
Weapon X has
found you.

Vision was able
to track the *residual
energy signature* of your
te eportation. You've got a
few minutes. *Good luck.*

I see them! They're about
two miles -- aw, *hell.* They've
got another team member. I
guess the powers that be
replaced *Deadpool*
already

Who is it,
Morph?

You have to take the
children *out of here,*
Clarice

I am *not*
going to leave
the team,
Mr. Creed



Hoboy
Looks like Iron
Man! Iron Man on
steroids!

Clarice, you are the *only* one
who can get the children to
safety. All Weapon X wants
is to *kill David.*

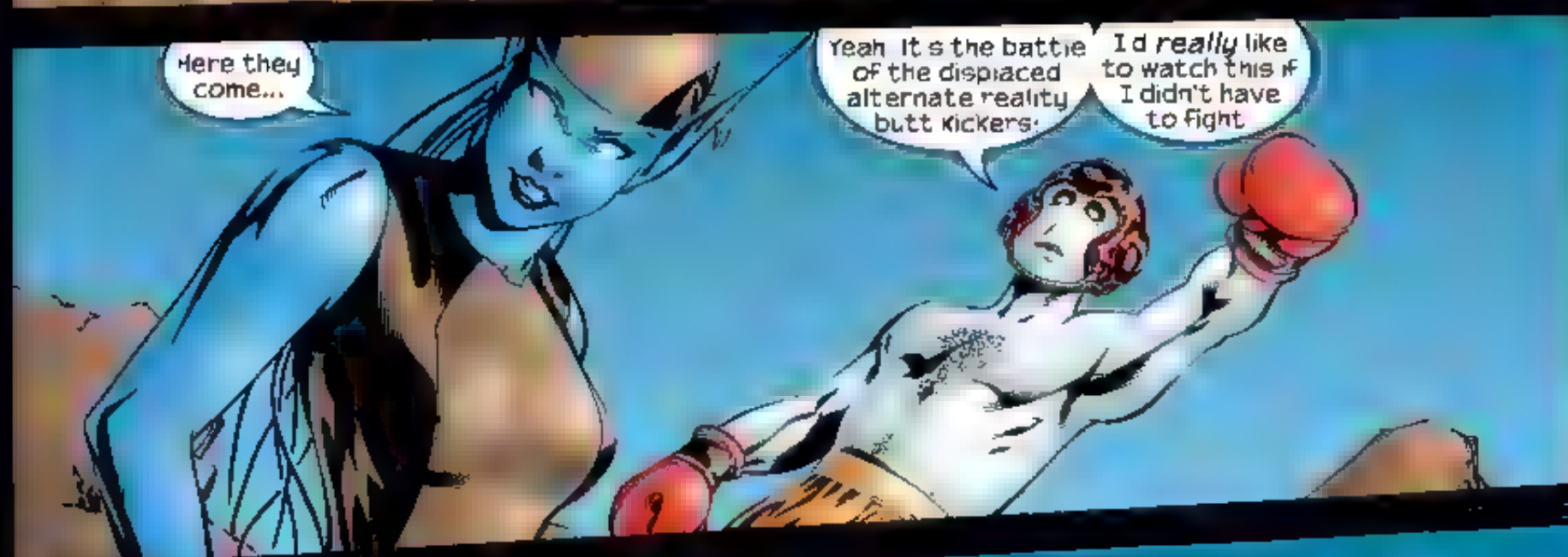
We can make a stand
here while you get some
distance between them
and the boy

And she does

Clarice,
you know I'm
right!

Just
GO!

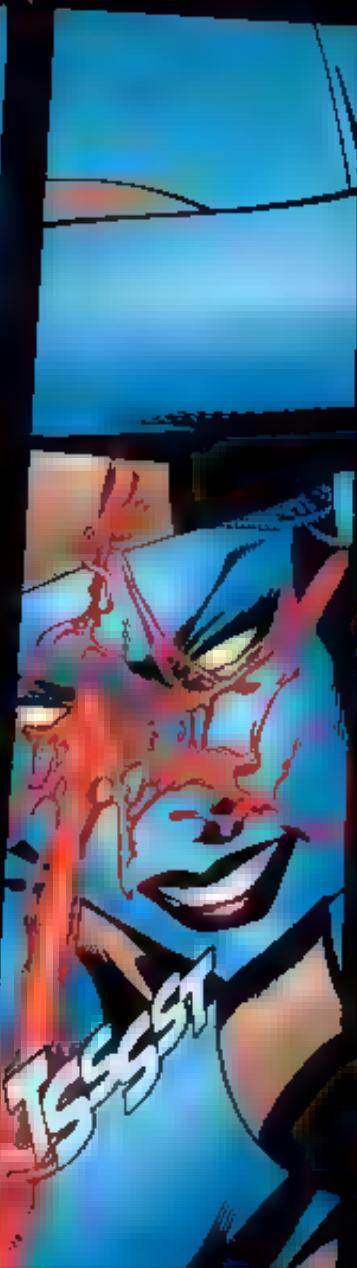
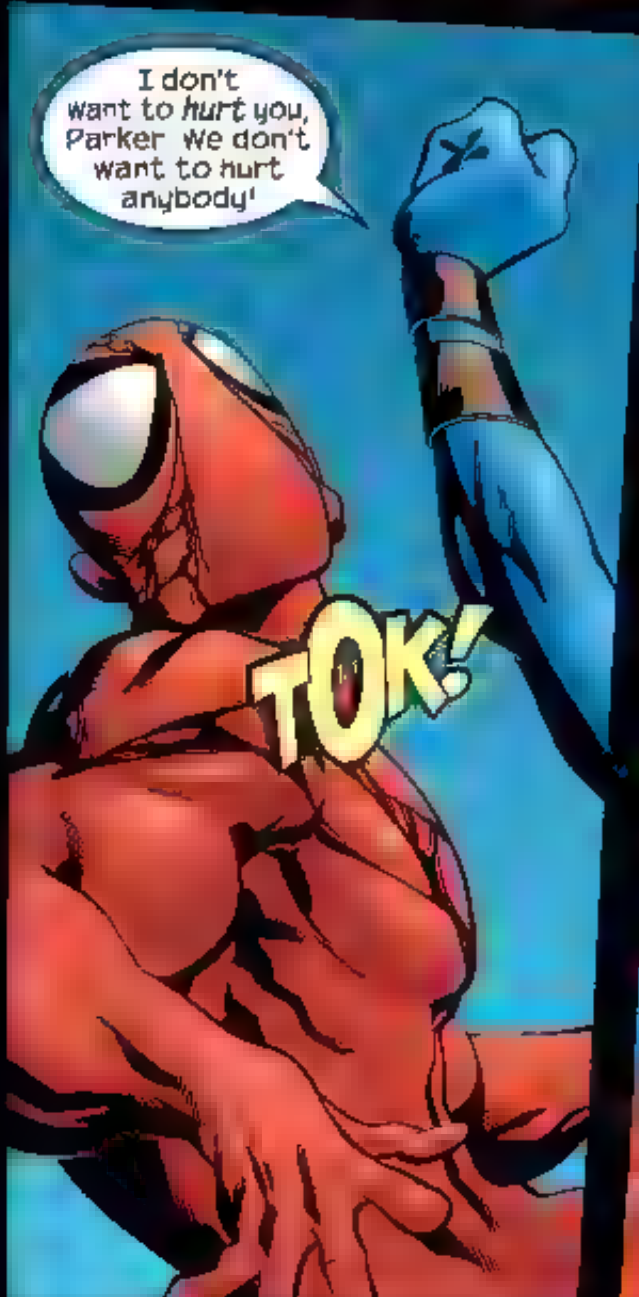






At the same time, the Exiles are not a squad of junior varsity cheerleaders.







CRACK!

I'm
through
playing nice,
short
stuff!



Glad to
hear it, my
oversized
sister!

WHAM!



Because
I have wanted
to kick your teeth
in ever since
you told me you
cripp ed Doc
Strange

I like Doc
Strange!



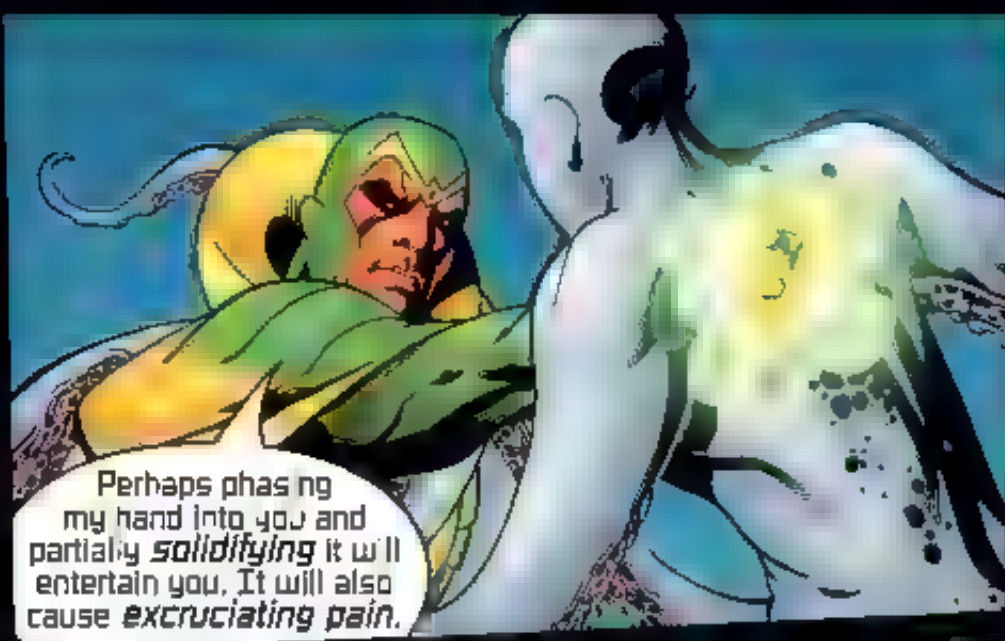
You
people talk
too damn
much

TAAAAACK!

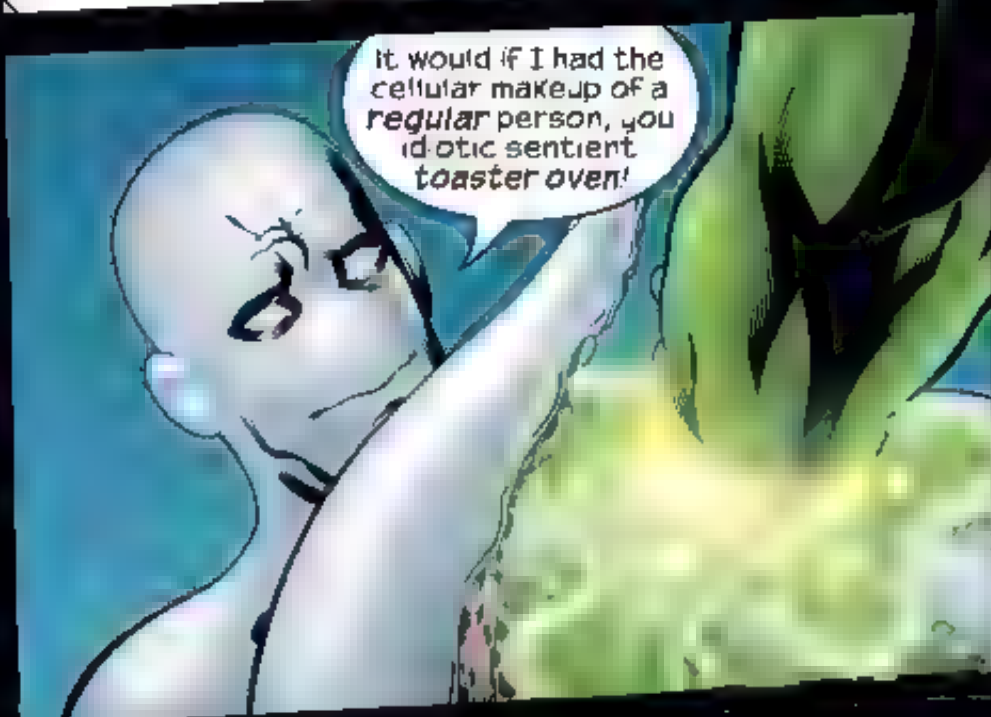


C'mon, you red-faced sack of circuitry show the ol' Morphster what you got! Daddy needs a good workout!

Very well



Perhaps phasing my hand into you and partially *solidifying* it will entertain you. It will also cause *excruciating* pain.



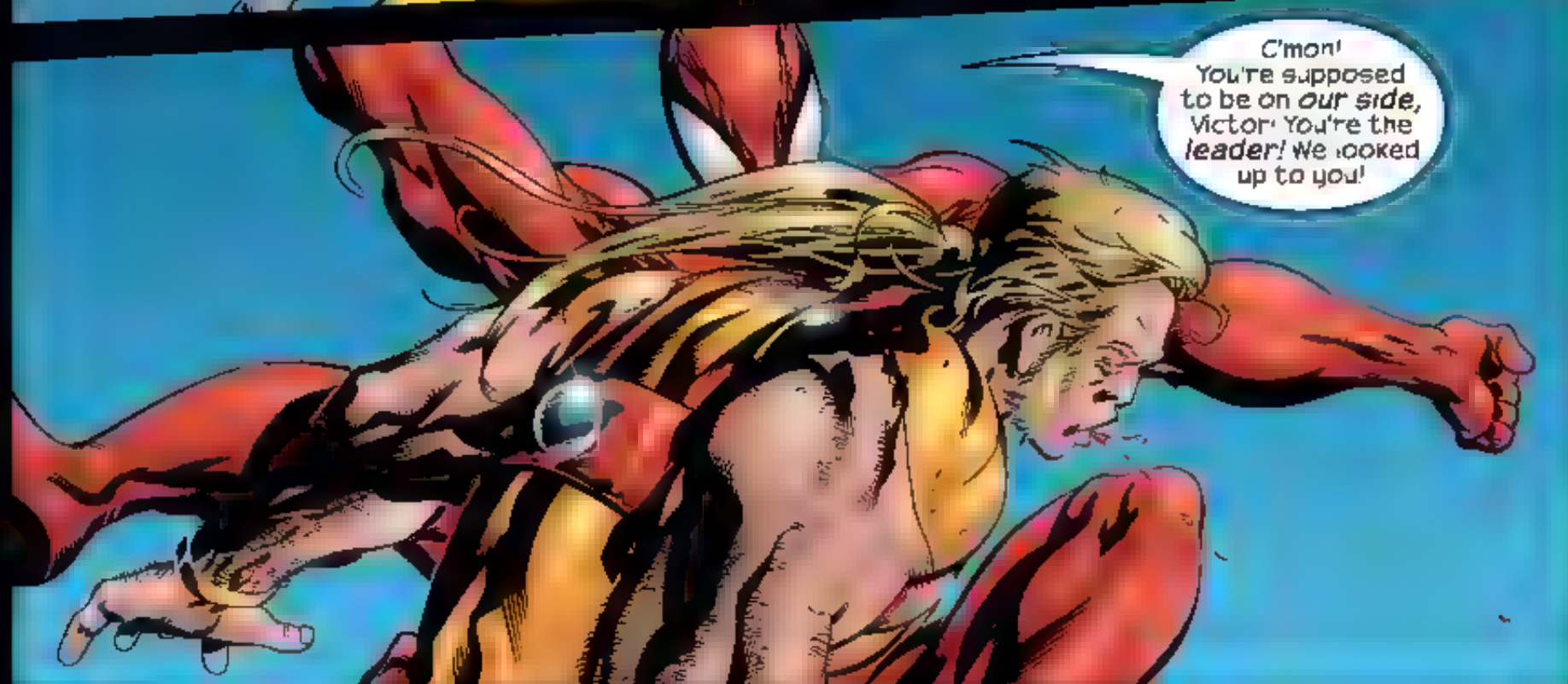
It would if I had the cellular makeup of a regular person, you idiotic sentient toaster oven!



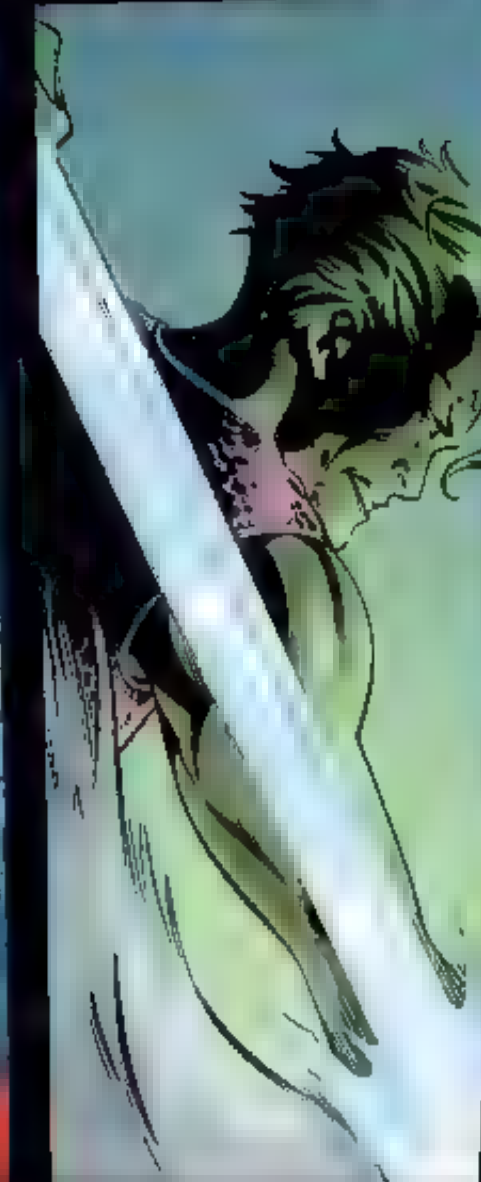
Very well, I assume my *optic blast* will have the desired effect.

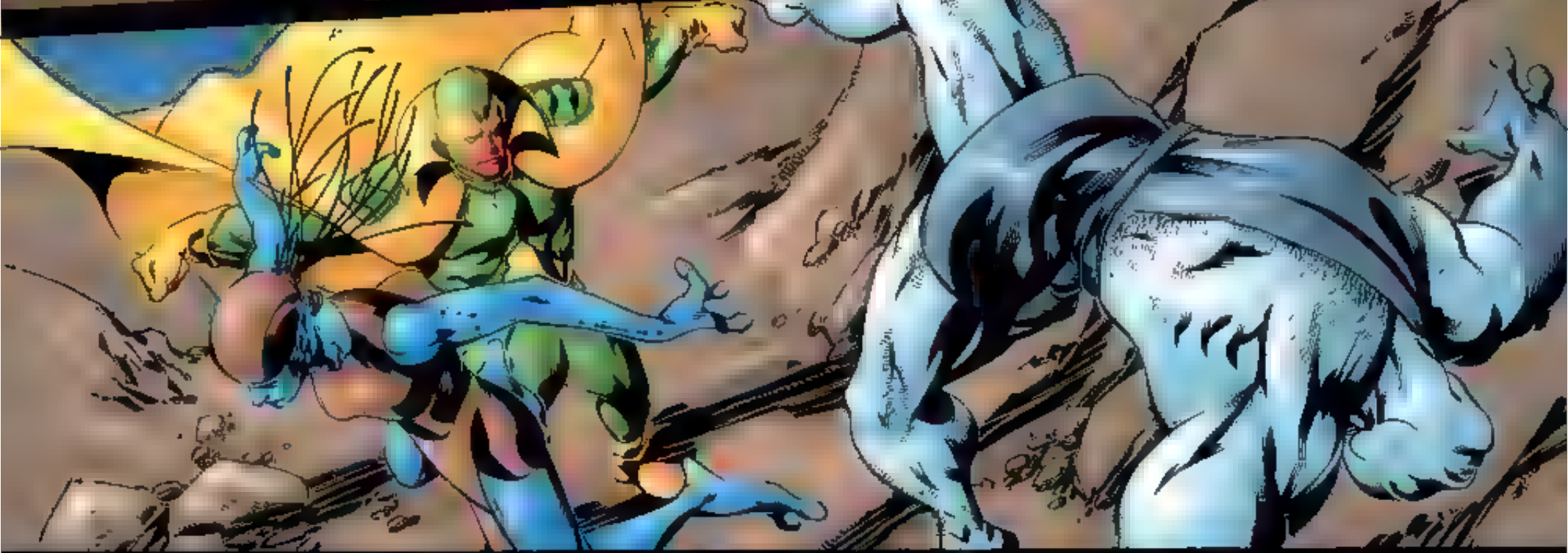
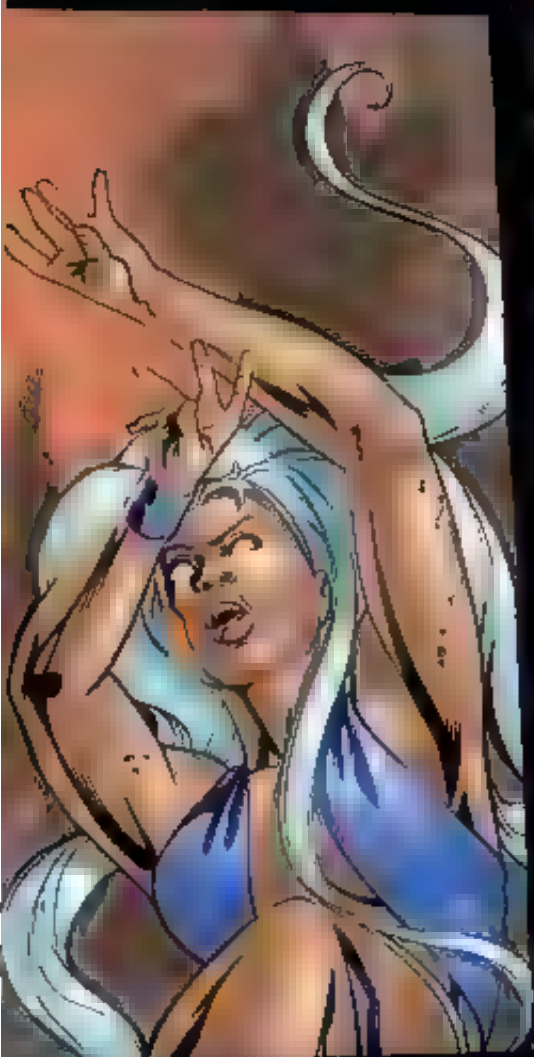
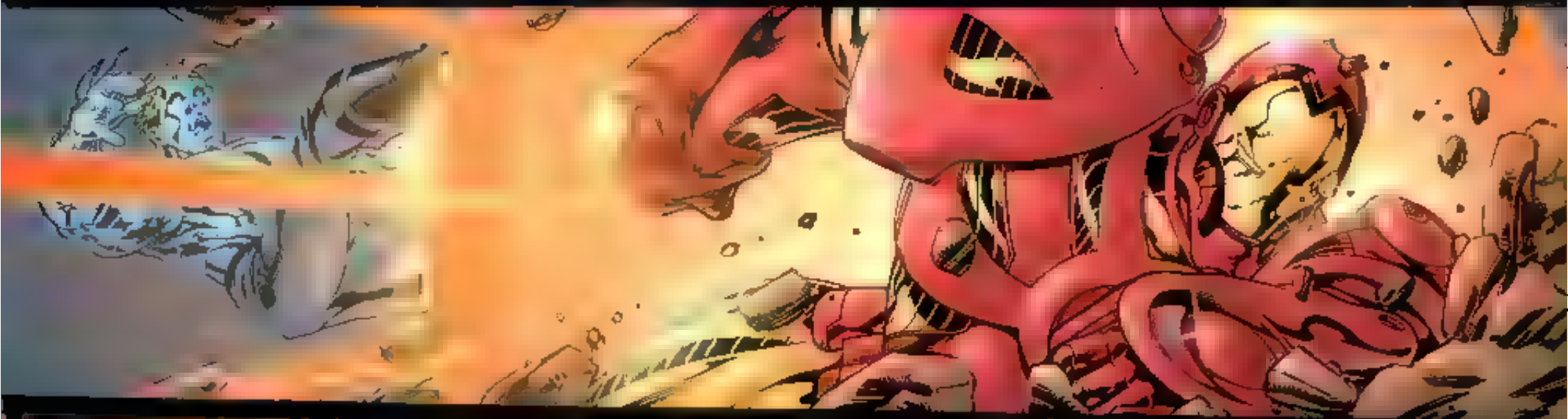
CRREEOOCK!

Indeed it does



C'mon! You're supposed to be on *our* side, Victor! You're the *leader*! We looked up to you!







Enough! You will give us the location of *David Richards* and allow this task to be deemed *complete*!

I do not experience fatigue, hunger or *pain*! I will battle you all until—



--you gillEEEEEEEEEEEEEE

BAKOOOM!



Unregistered mutants located
Unknown robot destroyed
Destroy-Capture mode activated

Oh, great, like things don't suck enough.

HEY, RUBE!

We got problems!



Two non-mutant
Su-Humanoid females.
Destroy-Capture
mode implemented.



Any
idea what
we should
do?!!

I'm gonna
run like hell for
about four hours and
then maybe beg
for mercy!

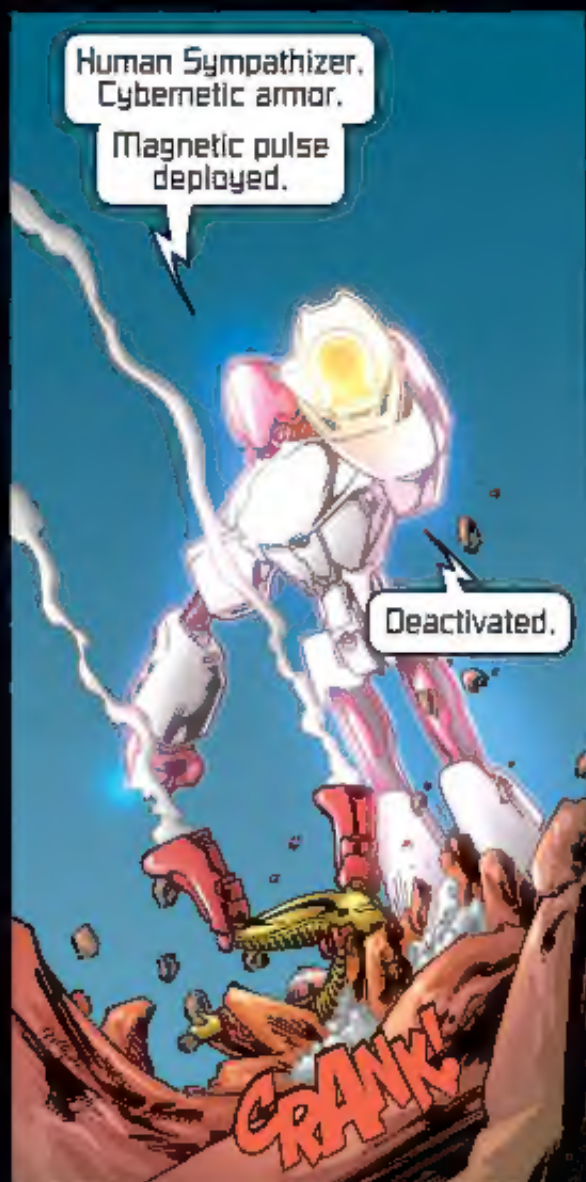
It's not much of a plan,
I admit, but I'm having
trouble concentrating
with the giant
robots trying to
kill us!



Keep moving! There's
too many! We've got
to try and outrun
them!!



Sure!
Where's all
your Goddess
talk now
when we need
it!?





It took Blink nearly three hours to get the entire group several hundred miles away.



And Weapon X had very little fight left in them.



Listen, could you please just push my **reboot button**? It's under my left armpit.

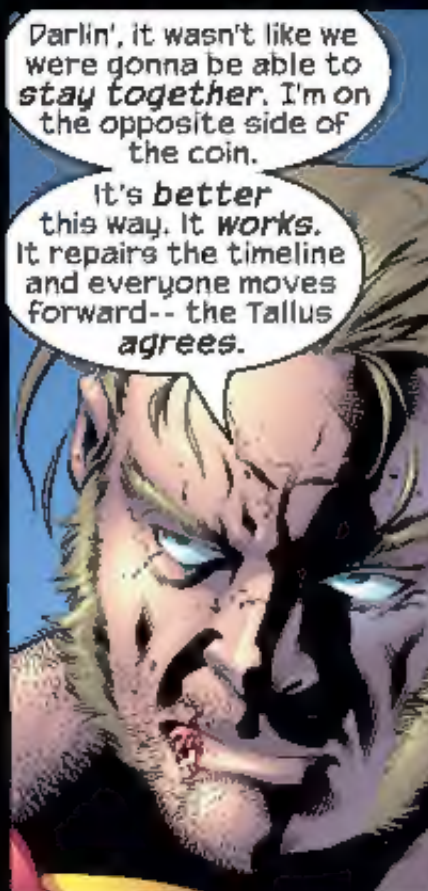
Nope.

Please?

Be quiet or I'll let the kids spit in your eye-slots again.



No...



Darlin', it wasn't like we were gonna be able to **stay together**. I'm on the opposite side of the coin.

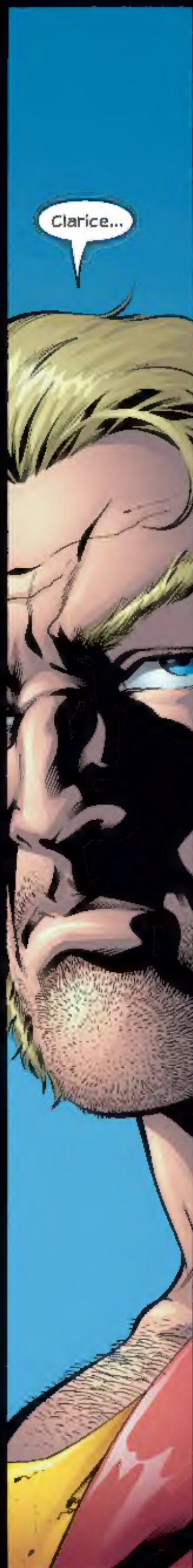
It's **better** this way. It **works**. It repairs the timeline and everyone moves forward-- the Tallus **agrees**.



I stay **here**. I raise David and all these children. Build us an **army**. Save this world.

David Richards won't become a **monster** with me looking after him. I think I'm up to the job...

You're... you're a wonderful father.

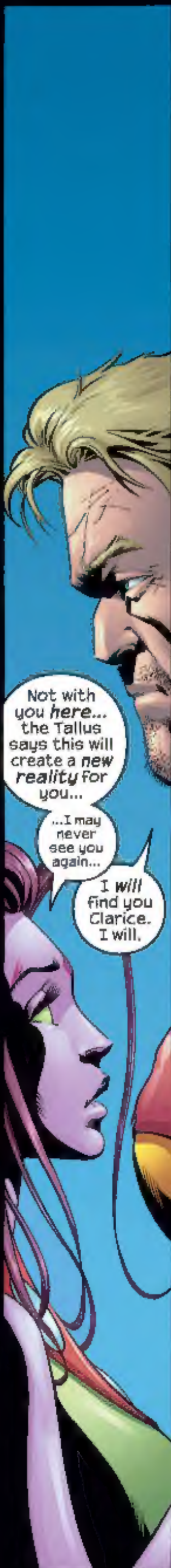


Clarice...



I've always thought that when this all *ends*... when we fixed all we're supposed to fix... that... that we'd be *together*...

We still may be, Clarice...



Not with you *here*... the Tallus says this will create a *new reality* for you...

...I may never see you again...

I will find you Clarice. I will.



We found each other this time. We will again.



There are *other* worlds than this.

END